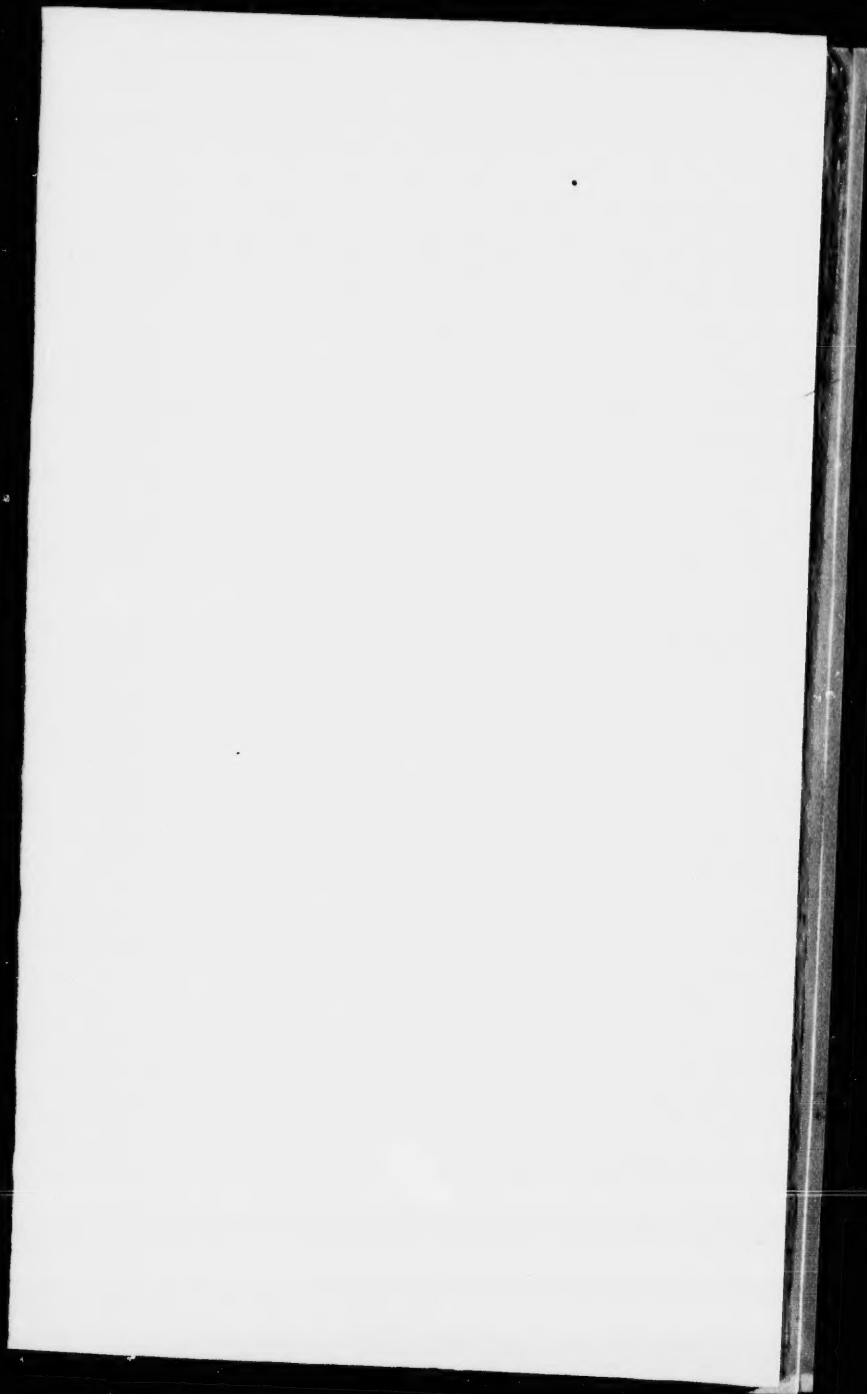


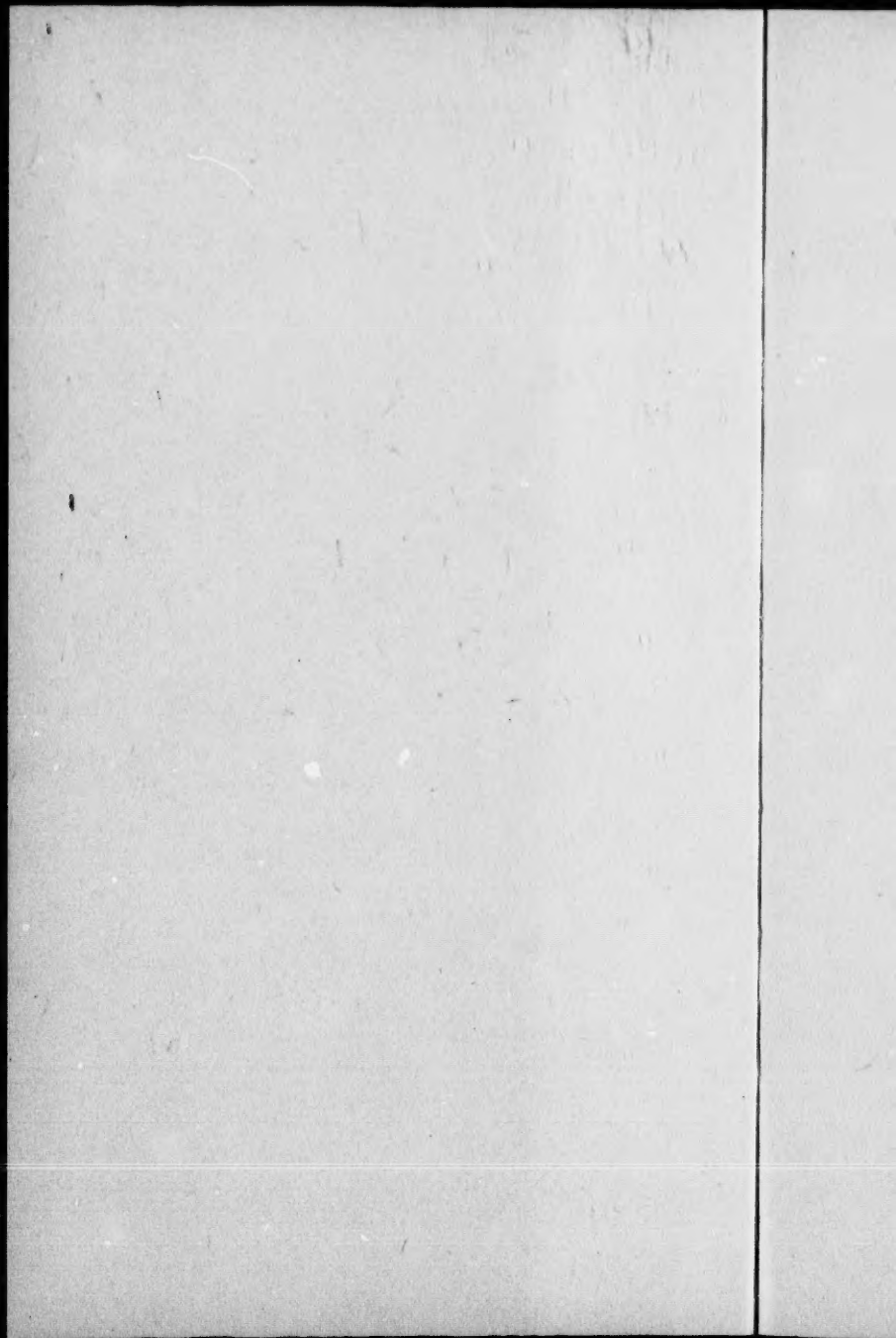
REVIVAL HYMNS



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PUBLISHED

1862
A SELECTION

OF

REVIVAL & CAMP-MEETING

HYMNS,

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

"I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing
with the understanding also."

STRATFORD, C. W.

PUBLISHED BY VIVIAN AND REYNOLDS.

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1. Stand
Ev'n I
But so
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2. Stand
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3. Stand
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4. Stand
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5. Stand
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Church
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HYMNS!

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

1. Stand up for Jesus! Strengthened by his hand,
Ev'n I, tho' young, have ventured thus to stand;
But soon cut down, as maim'd and faint I lie,
Hear, O my friends! the charge with which I die,
Stand up for Jesus!
2. Stand up for Jesus! Dear ones of my home!
Who made me slow to leave and swift to come:
Sweet wife and children! gifts of perfect love!
Still, as ye catch my smile from climes above.
3. Stand up for Jesus! Thou, my honor'd sire!
Blest with heart of truth and tongue of fire;
Whose brave example taught me how to live;
Take from my lips the lesson thine should give—
4. Stand up for Jesus! All who lead his host!
Crown'd with the splendors of the Holy Ghost!
Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield,
Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—
5. Stand up for Jesus! Ye with whom I stood,
In purer, stronger bonds than those of blood:
Church of the Covenant! favored, firm and true,
Remember him to whom all thanks are due,

6. Stand up for Jesus! Listeners to that word
 "Ye that are men, go now and serve the Lord!"
 Only to serve in Heaven, on earth I fall;
 Ye who remain, still hear your comrade's call—
7. Stand up for Jesus! Ye of every name,
 All one in prayer and all with praise a-flame;
 Forget the sad estrangements of the past,
 With one consent in love and peace at last.
8. Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand
 Jesus himself for us delights to stand!
 Let saints and sinners wonder at His grace:
 Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race,
 Stand up for Jesus!

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

1. Lift up your heads, Immanuel's friends,
 And taste the pleasures, Jesus sends;
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the good old way.

CHORUS.—We're going home, we're going home,
 We're going home, to die no more,
 To die no more. to die no more,
 On Canaan's fair and happy shore.

2. Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory;
 If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
 Like Soldiers in the good old way.
3. Though Satan in his power employ,
 Our triumph moment's not to destroy;
 Yet never fail, we'll win the day,
 And shout and sing the good old way.
4. O good old way, how precious thou art!
 May none of us from thee depart;

But may our actions always say,
We're walking in the Good Old Way.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

1. When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing.
Start not at its swift decreasing,
Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing;
Weep not for me.
2. When the pangs of death assail me,
Christ is mine—he cannot fail me,
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength forever!

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they lie :
They see the triumph from afar—
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6, When that illustrious day shall rise
When all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

ON THE CROSS.

1. Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross, on the cross.
For you he shed his precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross.
Now hear his all important cry,
" Eloi lama sabaethani ;"
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross, on the cross.
2. Behold his arms extended wide,
Behold his bleeding hands and side,
The sun withholds its rays of light,
The heaven's are cloth'd in shades of night,
While Jesus doth with devils fight.
3. Come sinners see him lifted up,
He drinks for you the bitter cup.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
" 'Tis finished, " now the conquerer cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies.
4. 'Tis done ! the might dead is done,
The battle fought the victory won,
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,

While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake.

5. Where'er I go, I'll tell the story,
Of the cross, of the cross,
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross,
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,—
6. Let every mourner come and cling,
To the cross, to the cross,
Let every Christian come and sing
Round the cross, round the cross.
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb.

CAMP-MEETING.

TUNE—"JUBILEE TRUMPET."

Within the tented grove,
The followers of the Lamb
Are met to sing his love,
And glorify his name :
Believers, let your prayers ascend
To him who is the sinner's friend.

2. Under this azure sky,
In nature's temple grand ;
'Mid trees and woods to try,
The power of his right hand ;
Mighty to save ! we feel him near,
Our Jesus still, for ever dear.

3. The Lord of Hosts is here—
His banner floats on high,
He lends a listening ear

To catch the feeblest cry :
It will prevail : ye need not fear,
If uttered from a heart sincere.

4. Send every vain desire,
Each trifling thought away ;
And no unhallowed fire
Upon the altar lay ;
Let holy zeal and humble love
In every Christian bosom move.

5. Oh, let the fervent prayer
Like incense sweetly rise,
And on its pinions bear
Our offering to the skies ;
Through every bosom let it thrill,
And every heart with rapture fill.
Save, Lord ! on thee we call,
Oh, save a guilty race—
We at thy footstool fall,
To seek thy heavenly grace ;
Mercy to sinners freely give,
And bid them now repent and live.

THE SAINT'S SWEET HOME.

1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints !
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home—
Home, home—sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven, my home.
2. An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace,
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas ! that it led me from home—

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3. The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away ;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay ;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven—
4. Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms !
The Savior invites me—I'll go to his arms ;
At the banquet of mercy, I hear there is room ;
O there may I feast with his children at home—
5. Farewell, vain amusements—my follies, adieu ;
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view,
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven my home—
6. The days of my exile, are passing away,
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne
And dwell in my presence, for ever at home.
7. Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints will unite to be parted no more ;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with their Savior forever at home.
Home, home—sweet, sweet home—
Receive me, dear Savior, to glory, my home.

HERE IS NO REST.

1. Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, is no rest,
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, I am blest ;
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow will vanish away,
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest, there is rest.
2. Here fierce temptations beset me around ;
Here I am grieved while my foes me surround

Let them revile me and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping—endeavour to shame,
I will go forward for this is my theme.

3. Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Sweet is the promise I read in his word;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward.

LONG TIME AGO.

1. Jesus died on Calvary's mountain, Long time ago;
And salvation's rolling fountain, Now freely flows.
2. Once his voice in tones of pity, Melted in wo,
And he wept o'er Judah's city, Long time ago.
3. On his head the dews of midnight, fell long ago;
Now a crown of dazzling sunlight, Sits on his brow
4. Jesus died, yet lives forever! No more to die;
Bleeding Jesus! blessed Saviour! Now reigns on
high.
5. Now in heaven he's interceding, For dying men,
Soon he'll finish all his pleading And come again.
6. When he comes, a voice shall gather, Saints from
tomb,
"Come ye blessed of my Father, Children, come
home."

SUNNY SIDE.

1. Sweet the moments rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.
Love and grief my heart dividing,

CHORUS

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With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 Still in faith and hope abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.

2. O how blessed is this station!
 Low before the cross I'll lie,
 While I see divine compassion
 Pleading in the Saviour's eye;
 Here I'll sit forever viewing,
 Mercy streaming in his blood;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.
3. Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze;
 Here I see my sins forgiven,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go:
 Prove each day his blood more healing,
 And himself more deeply know.

POWER OF RELIGION.

'Tis religion that can give
 Sweetest pleasures while we live;
 'Tis religion must supply
 Solid comfort when we die.

CHORUS.—Victory! Victory! When we gain the
 victory!

O how happy we shall be!
 When we've gained the victory.

After death its joys shall be,
 Lasting as eternity!
 Be the living God my friend
 Then my bliss shall never end

DELAY NOT!

1. Delay not, delay not, O sinner draw near:
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
2. Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?
3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
4. Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
5. Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall
fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgement shall
stand;
What pow'r then, O sinner! shall lend thee its aid?

THE EDEN ABOVE.

We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love,
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

CHORUS.—Will you go, will you go, will you go,
will you go,
O say, will you go to that Eden above?

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2. In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified
rove;

Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
O say will you go to the Eden above?

3. Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

4. No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of his glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

Each saint has a mansion prepared and all
furnished,
Ere from this clay house he is summoned to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnished;
O say, will you go to that Eden above?

March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright
glory,

And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.

CHORUS.—We will go, &c.

And y^e t guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We'll yet a moment as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above.

Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,
O, who can this guilt from my conscience remove?

No other but Jesus; then come to him praying—

Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above,

O say, will you go to that Eden above,

At last will you go to the Eden above?

REMEMBER ME.

Jesus! thou art the sinners Friend,
 As such I look to thee;
 Now in the bowels of thy love,
 O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary;
 Remember all thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.

3. Thou wondrous Advocate with God
 I yield myself to thee;
 While thou art sitting on thy throne,
 Oh Lord! remember me.

4. I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
 Yet thy salvation's free;
 Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
 Oh Lord! remember me.

5. How'er forsaken or distress'd,
 Howe'er oppress'd I be;
 Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
 Do thou remember me.

6. And when I close my eyes in death
 And creature helps all flee,
 Then, oh, my great Redeemer, God!
 I pray remember me.

THE BETTER PORTION.

Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Toward heaven, thy native place.
 Sun and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove,
 Rise, my soul, and haste away,
 To seats prepared above.

2. Rivers to the Ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course.
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source.
 Thus a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
3. Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season and you know,
 Happy entrance will be given;
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

HEAVENLY RAILROAD.

The line to heaven by Christ was made,
 With heavenly truth the rails are laid;
 From earth to heaven the line extends,
 To life eternal, where it ends.

We're going home to die no more.

2. Salvation free, the engine is,
 With living water—present bliss;
 Of grace Divine a full supply,
 Her tenders' laden for the sky.
3. God's love the fire, his power the steam
 Which drives the engine and the train;
 All you who would to glory ride
 Must come to Christ, in him abide.
4. The Bible is the engineer,
 It makes the way to heaven so clear,

Through tunnels dark and dangers great,
Right up to yon celestial gate !

5. Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in ;
No fee for them is to be paid—
Jesus a full atonement made.
6. Come, then poor sinner, now's the time.
At any station on the line ;
If you repent and turn from sin
The train will stop and take you in.
7. The cars, both numbers one and two,
Are entered by "Believe and do ;"
Strive, pray, believe, and watch and read,
Be sure you ne'er forget your need.

WORTH OF PRAYER.

1. What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat ;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
2. Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw :
Gives exercise to faith and love ;
Brings every blessing from above.
3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
4. Have you no words ? Ah, think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creatures ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

5. Were half the time thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent;
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

ASHAMED OF JESUS?

- Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee! whom angels praise,
Thy glories shine through endless days.
2. Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.
4. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No—when I blush be this my shame
That I no more revere his name.
5. Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
6. Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.
7. His institutions I will prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend this noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

What vessel are you sailing in ?
 Pray tell to me its name.
 Our vessel is the ark of God,
 And Christ our Captain's name.

CHORUS.—Then hoist ev'ry sail to catch the gale,
 Who long have plied the oar;
 The night begins to wear away,
 We soon shall reach the shore,

2. And what's the Port you're sailing to ?
 Pray tell us all straightway.
 The new Jerusalem's the Port,
 The realms of endless day ;
3. Our compass is the Sacred Word,
 Our anchor Blooming Hope,
 The love of God the main top-sail,
 And faith our cable rope.
4. How many are there now on board
 The Gospel Ship Divine ?
 One hundred forty thousand souls,
 And all of royal line.
5. Heave out your boat, I too, will go,
 If you can find me room.
 There's room for you, for all the world—
 Make no delay to come.
6. And are you not afraid some storm
 Your bark will o'erwhelm ?
 We do not fear, for Christ is here,
 And always at the helm ;
7. We've looked astern, through many a storm,
 The Lord has brought us through ;
 We're looking now ahead,—and lo !
 The land appears in view ;

8. The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
A city bright appears in sight,
We'll soon be round the pier.
9. And when we all are landed safe
On that Celestial Plain,
Our song shall be "Worthy the Lamb,
For rebel sinners slain!"

GOOD NEWS.

- Where'er we meet, you always say,
What's the news! What's the news?
Pray, what's the order of the day?
What's the news! what's the news?
Oh! I have got good news to tell,
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell
That's the news! That's the news
2. The Lamb was slain on Calvary,
To set a world of sinners free,
'Twas there his precious blood was shed,
'Twas there he bowed his sacred head,
But now he's risen from the dead.
3. To heaven above the Conqueror's gone,
He's past triumphant to his throne,
And on that throne he will remain,
Until as Judge, he comes again,
Attended by a dazzling train.
4. His works, reviving all around—
And many have redemption found,
And since their souls have caught the flame
They shout Hosanna to his name;
And all around they spread his fame—

5. The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
I feel the witness now within—
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray
I'm happy now from day to day ---
6. And Christ the Lord can save you now—
Your sinful heart he can renew—
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive---
7. And now if any one should say---
What's the news? What's the news?
O tell them you've begun to pray---
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have join'd the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's command,
You're marching to the better land---
That's the news! That's the news!

FOUNTAIN.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me,
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
3. Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw that stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

SALVATION'S FREE.

1. I'm glad salvation's free,
 And without price or cost ;
 For had it been for me to buy,
 My soul must have been lost.
- Chorus.*—I'm glad salvation's free—
 I'm glad salvation's free—
 Salvation's free for you and me,
 I'm glad salvation's free.
2. In this cold world below,
 With none to care for me ;
 A pilgrim lone, without a home,—
 I'm glad salvation's free.
3. Once I was blind and lost,
 Of sin and sorrow full ;
 But now I'm saved thro' Jesus' blood,
 I feel it in my soul.
4. And now I'm on the way,
 To brighter worlds above ;
 I hope to triumph evermore
 Through the redeemer's love.
5. Oh brethren, help me sing
 One song of victory ;
 For without money, without price,
 I've found salvation free.

JESUS CALLS YOU.

1. Sinner, we are sent to bid you
To the gospel feast to day,
Will you, slight the invitation,
Will you, can you yet delay?
Jesus calls you, Jesus calls you;
Come, poor sinner, come away.
2. Come, O come! all things are ready,
Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer:
If you spurn this blood-bought banquet,
Sinners, can your souls appear
Guests in heaven,
Scorning heaven's rich bounty here?
3. Come, O come! leave father, mother;
To your Saviour's bosom fly:
Leave the worthless world behind you,
Seek for pardon, or you die:
"Pardon, Saviour!"
Hear the sinking sinner cry.
4. Even now the Holy Spirit
Moves upon some melting heart,
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;
Sinner, will you say, "Depart?"
Wretched sinner,
Can you bid your God depart?
5. What are all earth's dearest pleasures,
Were they more than tongue can tell?
What are all its boasted treasures
To a soul when sunk in hell?
Treasure! pleasure!
No such sounds are heard in hell.
6. Fly, O! fly ye to the mountain,
Linger not in all the plain;
Leave this Sodom of corruption,

Turn not, look not back again :
 Fly to Jesus,
 Linger not in all the plain !

THE REALMS OF THE BLEST.

1. We sing of the realms of the blest,
 That country so bright and so fair ;
 And oft are its glories confessed,
 But what must it be to be there !

But what ! but what !
 But what will it be to be there !
 And oft are its glories confessed,
 But what will it be to be there !

2. We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Of its walls decked with jewels so rare ;
 Of its wonders and pleasures untold ;
 But what must it be to be there !

3. We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation and care,
 From trials without and within ;
 But what must it be to be there ?

4. We speak of its service of love,
 Of robes which the glorified wear—
 The church of the first-born above,
 But what must it be to be there !

5. Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
 Still for heaven our spirits prepare ;
 And shortly we also shall know
 And feel what it is to be there.

MERCY'S FREE.

1. By faith I see my Saviour dying
 On the tree, on the tree ;

To every nation he is crying,
 Look to me, look to me :
 He bids the guilty now draw near,
 Repent, believe, dismiss their fear
 Hark, hark, what precious words I hear
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2. Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing
 Pity me, pity me ;
 And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
 Can it be, can it be ;
 O yes, he did salvation bring,
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
 And now my happy soul can sing,
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
3. Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken,
 Peace to me, peace to me ;
 Now all my chains of sin are broken,
 I am free, I am free ;
 Soon as I on his name believed,
 The Holy Spirit I received ;
 And Christ from death my soul reprieved
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
4. Jesus my weary soul refreshes—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free,
 And every moment Christ is precious
 Unto me, unto me.
 None can describe the bliss I prove,
 While through this wilderness I rove,
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.
5. This precious truth, ye sinners hear it—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free—
 Ye ministers of God declare it—
 Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad—
Mercy's free, mercy's free

6. Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free ;
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

I'M GOING HOME.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there :
Its glittering towers the sun outshine ;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more ;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.
2. My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky ;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
3. While here a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam ;
And though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
4. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow ;
Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near thy throne.

5. Then fail this earth ; let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

THE INVITATION.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power :
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.
2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance—
Every grace that brings you nigh—
Without money,
- Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
3. Let not conscience make you linger :
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you—
'Tis the spirit's glimmering beam.
4. Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
5. Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him !

ROCK OF AGES.

Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon.

Oh! he's taken my feet from the mire and the clay,
And he's placed them on the Rock of Ages.

2. His track I see and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
3. The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment.
4. The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
5. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.
6. My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
7. The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more.
8. Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, "I AM THE WAY"
9. Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am.
10. Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
11. Now will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found.
12. I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

JUST AS I AM.

1. Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!
Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come!
Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee I find—
O Lamb of God, I come!
3. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!
Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God. I come!

OUR FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

1. Though fierce the howling winds may blow,
While o'er life's raging sea we go,
And heave our vessels to and fro, [helm.]
Our Father's at the helm, Our Father's at the
Our Father's at the helm.
2. Though lying-to with close-reefed sails,

While on us beats the furious gale,
Our child-like faith will never fail, &c.

3. Though mountains on huge mountains rise,
And toss us upward to the skies,
While many a sea quite o'er us flies, &c.
4. Though down we plunge deep in the wave,
All threatened with a watery grave,
It cheers our hearts that God can save, &c.
5. Should tempests rage from day to day,
And sweep our towering masts away,
We'll quiet sit, and smiling say, &c.
6. Let wicked men and devils fear
While viewing death and judgment near,
The child can sing without a fear, &c.
7. Oh, blessed consolation given
To saints while o'er life's ocean driven,
To guide their bark and bring to heaven—
Their Father's at the helm
8. Then let us join our cheerful songs,
This stormy voyage will not be long,
But soon we'll join the ransomed throng:
For Father's at the helm.

OAK.

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is but a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand,
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my father-land,
Heaven is my home.

2. What though the tempest rage ?

Heaven is my home ;
 Short is my pilgrimage—
 Heaven is my home :
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be over-past ;
 I shall reach home at last---
 Heaven is my home.

3. There at my Saviour's side

Heaven is my home ;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home :
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best ;
 There, too, I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

COME TO JESUS.

Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus, just now,
 Just now, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus, just now.

2. He will save you, *just now*.
3. He is able, *just now*.
4. He is willing, *just now*.
5. He is ready, *just now*.
6. I believe it, *just now*.
7. Can you doubt him, *just now*.
8. See him pleading, *just now*.
9. Lo, he saves you, *just now*.
10. Hallelujah, *Amen*.

LONGING FOR JESUS.

1. I long to see the season come,
 When Jesus will be mine ;

O, may we feel that we are one,
 And know that we are thine,
 Sinners, to Jesus now draw nigh,
 And cast your cares on him ;
 And then to Jesus you will fly,
 And see your glorious King.

2. Jesus, we come before thee now,
 And in thy presence dwell ;
 Would thou, O Lord ! from heaven smile
 For fear we sink to hell.
 We know that death is at the door,
 And we must shortly go
 To mingle with the happy there,
 Or sink to endless woe,

3. Would thou, dear Lord, in that dread hour,
 Send some physician nigh ;
 Send angels to convey me home
 To him that bled and died.
 Jesus the powers of hell subdues,
 Let captives come to thee ;
 Into thy arms for mercy fall,
 And dwell eternally.

4. We are but pilgrims in this land,
 We seek a better shore ;
 We seek a place at God's right hand,
 Where parting is no more.
 There shall I reign, and shout, and sing
 To him that died for me,
 And make the heavenly arches ring
 To all eternity.

REMEMBER ME.

1. Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sor'reign die?

Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Chorus. Remember me, remember me,
Dear Lord, remember me,
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Chorus. Remember me, &c.

3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man the creature's sin.

Chorus. Remember me, &c.

4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

Chorus.—Remember me, &c.

5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Chorus.—Remember me, &c.

THE LORD IS MERCIFUL.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

The Lord is merciful, The Lord is pitiful.
O how merciful the Lord has been to me.

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2. Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
3. Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee:
4. Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

REST IN HEAVEN.

- My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;
Then why should I murmur at trials severe?
Be tranquil, my spirit, the worst that can come,
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.
2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And staying my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city not builded with hands,
And its glorious temple eternally stands.
 3. Afflictions may try me—they can not destroy,
One vision of home turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears that flow from my eyes,
But sweeten my hope of that home in the skies.
 4. Let trouble and danger my progress oppose;
They can only make heaven more bright at the
close:
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One moment in glory will make up for all.
 5. A scrip on my back and a staff in my hand;
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;

The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

1. I would not live alway : I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
2. I would not live alway : no, welcome the tomb !
Since Jesus hath lain there, I fear not its gloom ;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
3. Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;
4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their, Saviour and brethrn transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul !

SKEPTIC, SPARE THAT BOOK,

1. Skeptic, spare that Book,
 Touch not a single leaf !
Nor on its pages look
 With eyes of unbelief ;
'Twas my forefathers' stay
 In the hour of agony ;
Skeptic, go thy way,
 And let that old book be.
2. That good old Book of Life
 For centuries has stood

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OOK,

Unharm'd, amid the strife,
When earth was drunk with blood :
And wouldst thou harm it now,
And have its truths forgot ?
Skeptic, forbear thy blow,
Thy hand shall harm it not !

3. Its very name recalls
The happy hours of youth,
When, in my grandsire's halls,
I heard its tales of truth :
I've seen his white hair flow
O'er that volume as he read ;
But that was long ago,
And the good old man is dead.

4. My dear grandmother, too,
When I was but a boy—
I've seen her eyes of blue
Weep o'er it tears of joy ;
Their traces linger still,
And dear are they to me,
Skeptic, forego thy will ;
And let that old Book be.

DISCIPLE.

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee,
Naked, poor despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every vain ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own

2. Let the world despise and leave me ;
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;
 Show thy face and all is bright.
- 3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure ;
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain ;
 In thy service pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called thee, Abba, Father,
 I have set my heart on thee ;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather
 All must work for good to me.
4. Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear ;
 Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
 Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
5. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
 Heaven's eternal days before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy early mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
- O WHERE CAN REST BE FOUND ?
 1. O where can rest be found
 Rest for the weary soul ?

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- T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.
 2. The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh :
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
 3. Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.
 4. There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death.
 5. Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun.*
 Lest we be banished from thy face.
 And evermore undone.

BREMEN

1. Oh could I speak thy matchless worth,
 Oh could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine !
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
 In notes almost divine.
 2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine ;
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all perfect, heavenly dress,
 My soul shall ever shine.

3. I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne,
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
4. Well, the delightful day will come.
When Christ my Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face ;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

CHRISTIAN ENJOYMENT.

1. How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven !
This earth, he cries, is not my place ;
I seek my place in heaven.
2. A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O by faith I see ;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
The heaven prepared for me.
3. O what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay ;
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day :
4. We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
5. O would he more of heaven bestow !
And when the vessels break,
Let our triumphant spirits go
To grasp the God we seek ;

6. In rapturous awe on Him we gaze,
 Who bought the sight for me :
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 To all eternity.

PRAISE TO GOD.

1. O for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free ;
 A heart that always feels thy blood
 So freely spilt for me !
2. A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone :
3. A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean ;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within :
4. A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine !
8. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

WAYFARING MAN.

1. A poor wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer nay ;
 I had no power to ask his name,
 Whither he went or whence he came ;

Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I know not why.

2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all—he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then;
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.
3. I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock, his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.
4. 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, and cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
5. Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment;—he was healed:
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

6. In prison I saw him next condemned
 To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
 The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
 And honored him 'mid shame and scorn:
 My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
 He asked if I for him would die:
 The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
 But the free spirit cried, "I will!"
7. Then in a moment, to my view,
 The stranger darted from disguise;
 The tokens in his hands I knew:
 My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes!
 He spake, and my poor name he named—
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
 These deeds shall thy memorial be;
 Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

THE MERCY SEAT.

1. From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
2. There is a place, where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads;
 A place than all besides more sweet—
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
3. There is a place where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
 Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.
4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5. There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

MEET AGAIN !

1. Meet again ! Words of truth how beautiful,
By a loved one sweetly spoken,
When the trembling heart is broken,
How they charm the fainting soul,
How they charm the fainting soul,
Meet again, meet again.
2. Meet again ! Balmy words at parting hour,
When the path of life diverging,
We our different ways are urging,
Faith in Jesus gives them power.
3. Meet again ! When we're called to weep alone,
When the grave some friend hath taken,
These sweet words shall bliss awaken,
Meet again with joys unknown,
4. Meet again ! Light divine the soul to cheer,
When the heart is filled with anguish,
When in death the flame doth languish,
Heav'nly home and friends are near.

THE ROCK.

1. In seasons of grief, to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care,
From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
2. Though my friends may forsake me, and foes all unite
To hedge up my pathway and fears to excite;
On the strength of Jehovah I'll firmly rely,
Still screened by the Rock that is higher than I.

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And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3. Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly;
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid you all adieu;
And O, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4. And if you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

FELLOWSHIP.

Our souls with love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one—
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun;
Our hearts have burned, while Jesus spoke,
And glowed with sacred fire;
He stooped and talked, and fed and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

CHORUS :— A Saviour! let creation sing;
A Saviour! let all heaven ring:
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fullness in our soul he pours;
'Tis almost done,— 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining those who've gone before
We then shall meet to part no more.

2. We're soldiers, fighting for our God ;
 Let trembling cowards fly ;
 We'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
 With Christ to live and die ;
 Let devils rage, and hell assail,
 We'll force our passage through ;
 Let foes unite, and friends desert,
 We'll seize the crown—our due.
3. The little clouds increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain ;
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain ;
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows ;
 Oh, pour the mighty flood !
 And sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.
4. When thou shalt make thy jewels up,
 And set thy starry crown ;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 By thee proclaimed thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 Be sinners saved by grace :
 From glory into glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.

THE WAY.

Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
 The way is so delightful, hallelujah !
 He whom I fix my hopes upon,
 The way is so delightful, hallelujah !
 Oh, the way is so delightful in the service of the Lord
 Oh, the way is so delightful, hallelujah !

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2. His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.
3. The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment.
4. The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
5. This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.
6. My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
7. The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more.
8. Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."
9. Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am.
10. Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
11. Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found.
12. I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

GLORY TO THE LAMB!

Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to
the Lamb!

the world is overcome through the blood of the Lamb.
the world is overcome through the blood of the Lamb.
Glory to the Lamb! Glory to the Lamb! Glory to
the Lamb!

My sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb

of the Lord
ah!

3. The Devil's overcome by the blood of the Lamb.
4. I've lost the fear of death through the blood of the Lamb.
5. The Martyrs overcame through the blood of the Lamb.
6. I hope to gain the skies by the blood of the Lamb.

JOYFULLY.

1. Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above.
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go ;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.
2. Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before,
Waiting they watch me approaching the shore ;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling
gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear ;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear ;
Rings with the harmony heavens high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
3. Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow.
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home:
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone.
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom.
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

THE GLORY.

1. The Preachers are going to glory,
And the people are going to glory;
Soon in heaven we shall be,
And then we'll join the glory;
The glory, the glory, the glory,
Soon in heaven we shall be,
And then we'll shout the glory.
2. The Leaders are going to glory,
And the Members are going to glory.
3. The Teachers are going to glory,
And the Scholars are going to glory.
4. The Fathers are going to glory,
And the Sons are going to glory.
5. The Mothers are going to glory,
And the Daughters are going to glory,
6. The Parents are going to glory,
And the Children are going to glory.
7. The Aged are going to glory,
And the Young are going to glory.

WE'LL STEM THE STORM.

1. Arise my soul to Pisgah's height,
And view the Promised Land,
And see by faith the glorious sight
Our heritage at hand.

We'll stem the storm, it won't be long,
The heavenly port is nigh;
We'll stem the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by and by.

2. There endless springs of pleasure flow
At my Redeemer's side,
For all who live by faith below,
And in their Lord confide.
3. Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
And fields adorned in living green,
The residence of God.
4. My conflicts here will soon be past,
Where wild distraction reigns;
Through toil and death I'll reach at last
Fair Canaan's happy plains.
5. O! could I cross rough Jordan's wave,
No danger would I fear,
My bark would every tempest brave,
For Oh! my Captain's near.
6. My lamp of life will soon grow pale,
The spark will soon decay;
And then my happy soul will sail
To everlasting day.

OR THIS CHORUS:

And I'll sing hallelujah,
And praise the God I love;
I'll praise him while on earth I stay,
And when we meet above.

SING ON, PRAY ON.

1. My Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb.
Sing on, pray on, ye followers of Immanuel,
Sing on, pray on, ye followers of the Lamb.

2. Religion makes me happy.
3. King Jesus is our Captain.
4. He never lost a battle.
5. We're sure to gain the vic'try.
6. We'll enter heaven shouting.

PROMISED LAND.

1. I have a home in the Promised Land
I have a home in the Promised Land
When the Lord calls me I am to go
To dwell in the Promised Land.
2. I have a crown in the Promised Land,
I have a crown in the Promised Land,
When the Lord calls me I am to go
To wear it in the Promised Land.
3. I have dear friends in the Promised Land,
I have dear friends in the Promised Land:
When the Lord calls me I am to go
To meet them in the Promised Land.
4. I have a mother in the Promised Land,
I have a mother in the Promised Land,
When the Lord calls me I am to go
To meet her in the Promised Land.
5. Now I am going to the Promised Land,
Now I am going to the Promised Land;
For the Lord calls me, and I am to go
To dwell in the Promised Land.

THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

There are angels hov'ring round,
To carry the tidings home
To the new Jerusalem;
Poor sinners are coming home,

And Jesus bids them come ;
 Let him that heareth come,
 Let him that thirsteth come.
 We are on our journey home,
 Where Christ our Lord has gone
 We will meet around his throne.
 When he makes his people one,
 We shall reign for evermore
 In the new Jerusalem.
 There is glory all around.
 Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !

PILGRIM AND STRANGER.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
 Do not detain me for I am going
 To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2. Of that city to which I am going,
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light.
 Within a country, unknown and dreary,
 I have been wandering forlorn and weary.

3. There the sunbeams are ever shining,
 I am longing, I am longing for the sight ;
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any sin there, nor any dying.

4. There the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary, and the weary are at rest.
 There is no mourning, nor any grief there,
 Nor any weeping, as when we part here.

If we are holy, we shall meet there,
 And we never, and we never more shall part ;

But with the angels and spirits holy,
 We then will join with the meek and lowly.
 Once a pilgrim, once a stranger,
 Now an angel and a blessed child of light.

HAPPY DAY.

O, happy day that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my God;
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS—Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus washed my sins away;
 He taught me how to watch and pray,
 And live rejoicing every day.
 Happy day! happy day!
 When Jesus washed my sins away.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love.
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine *I* move.
3. 'Tis done, the great transactions' done,
 I am the Lord's, and he is mine:
 He drew me, and *I* followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
4. Now rest, my long divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With him of every good possessed.
5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour *I* bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

PILGRIM'S WISH.

1. Thou Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray,
O heal me of my grief and pain,
And take my sins away.
Redeemer, Saviour, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.
Now from this bondage, Lord, release,
And give the wand'rer rest.
2. Thou wilt not cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee;
My gracious Lord, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me;
O let me now obtain the grace,
And find my long-sought rest.
Redeemer, Saviour, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.
3. Mere wordly good I do not want;
Be that to others given:
While only for thy love I pant,
My all in earth or heaven;
This as the Crown I fain would seize—
With which I would be blest:
Redeemer, Saviour, seal my peace,
And take me to thy breast.

LABAN.

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

WRESTLING JACOB.

1. Come O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see,
My company is gone before,
And I am left alone with thee.
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
2. I need not tell thee who I am,
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who are thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
3. In vain thou strugglest to get free:
I never will unlose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
4. Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
5. What, though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak then I am strong;
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

SURE I MUST FIGHT IF I WOULD REIGN.

Sure I must fight if I would reign
Increase my courage, Lord,
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

BOYLSTON.

1. Grace ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace displays,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3. Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
4. Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone
And well deserves our praise.

ZION.

1. Hark ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky
It is finished :
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2. It is finished ! O what pleasure
Do those precious words afford !
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord :

It is finished :

Saints, the dying words record.

3. Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs ;
Join to sing the pleasing theme :

All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Jehovah's name ;

It is finished :

Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

1. Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.

5. Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love ;
And that shall kindle ours.

BONNY DOON.

1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath our load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
2. Here's love and grief beyond degree:
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But, lo! what sudden joys we see:
 Jesus the dead, revives again.
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 (In vain the tomb forbid's his rise;)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
3. Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains:
 Say, Live for ever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save:
 Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?

HENDON.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

THE BEGGAR.

1. When I set out for glory,
I left the world behind,
Determined for a city,
That's out of sight to find.
And to glory I will go,
And to glory I will go,
I will go, I'll go, I'll go,
And to glory I will go.
2. I left my worldly honor,
I left my worldly fame,
I left my young companions,
And with them my good name.
And to glory I will go, &c.
3. Some said, I'd better tarry,
They thought I was too young
Then to prepare for dying,
But that was all my theme.
And to glory I will go, &c.
4. Come, all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry,
All you that are backsliders
Must shortly beg or die.
And to begging I will go, &c.
5. The Lord, he loves the beggar
Who truly begs indeed;
He always will relieve him
Whene'er he stands in need.
And to begging I will go, &c.
6. I am not ashamed to beg
While here on earth I stay;
I'm not ashamed to watch,
I'm not ashamed to pray.
And to begging I will go, &c.

7. The richest man I ever saw
 Was one that begged the most ;
 His soul was filled with Jesus,
 And with the Holy Ghost.
 And to begging I will go, &c.

8. And now we are encouraged,
 Come, let us travel on,
 Until we join the angels,
 And sing the holy song.
 And to glory we will go, &c.

WE'LL NOT GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

1. We'll not give up the Bible,
 God's holy book of truth ;
 The blessed staff of hoary age,
 The guide of early youth :
 The sun that sheds a glorious light,
 O'er every dreary road ;
 The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
 And calls us home to God:

We'll not give up the Bible,
 God's holy book of truth.

2. We'll not give up the Bible,
 For pleasure or for pain ;
 We'll buy the truth, and sell it not,
 For all that we might gain :
 Though man should try to take our prize,
 By guile or cruel might,
 We'll suffer all that man could do,
 And God defend the right !

We'll not give up, &c.

Let me go, they wait to bear me
To the mansions of the blest,
Where the spirit, worn and weary,
Finds at last its long sought rest.

WRESTLING JACOB.

1. Let me go the day is breaking—
Dear companions, let me go.
We have spent a night of waking
In this wilderness of woe.
Upward now I wend my way,
Part we here at break of day.
Upwards now I wend my way,
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go: I may not tarry,
Writhing thou with doubts and fears;
Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my kindred Lord appears:
Friends and kindred, weep not so,
If you love me, let me go.

3. We have travelled long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part:
While I sigh, farewell to you,
Answer, one and all, adieu!

4. 'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
That withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of earth no more can bind me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark, on mountain wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

6. Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
 Far beyond earth's span of sky;
 Am I dead! Nay, by their token,
 Know that I have ceased to die;
 Would you solve the mystery,
 Come up hither, come and see.

JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy and peace in thee?

CHORUS.—This world is not my home,
 This world is not my home;
 This world's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home.

2. O when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And Sabbath has no end?
3. Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
 Or feel at death dismayed?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
4. Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
 Around my Saviour stand:
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
5. Jerusalem! my happy home!
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

VICTORY.

1. Here we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan's plain,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above,
In that bright world above,
Shout, shout, the victory,
We're on our journey home.
2. Here we meet to part again,
But when a seat in heaven we gain,
There'll be no parting there.
3. Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign.
There'll be no parting there.
4. Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There'll be no parting there.

A FRIEND ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

- There is a friend above all others,
Oh, how he loves;
It is a love beyond a brother's
Oh, how he loves.
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next bereave us,
But this friend will ne'er deceive us;
Oh, how he loves.
2. Blessed Jesus, wouldst thou know him?
Give thyself, e'en this day to him.
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief and trials tease thee?
Jesus can from all release thee.

- 3 Love this friend who longs to save thee,
Dost thou love, he will not leave thee,
Think no more, then of to-morrow,
Take his easy yoke and follow,
Jesus carries all thy sorrow.
4. All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Backward all thy fears be driven,
Best of blessings he'll provide thee,
Naught but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee.
5. Pause, my soul, adore and wonder,
Naught can cleave this love asunder,
Neither trial nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation.
6. Let us still this love be viewing,
And though faint, keep on pursuing,
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And, when passed o'er Jordan's river,
This shall be our song forever.

GIVING THE HEART.

1. Take my heart, O Father, take it!
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy spirit melt and break it—
This proud heart of sin and stone
2. Father, make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace, and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
3. Ever let thy grace surround it;
Strengthen it with power divine
Till thy cords of love have bound it:
Make it to be wholly thine.

4. May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven ;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

1. Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return.
To see an heir of glory born ?
2. With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
3. The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

THE PRODIGAL.

1. Hark ! through the courts of Heaven
Angelic voices sound :
He that was dead now lives again ;
He that was lost is found.
2. God of unfailing grace,
Send down thy spirit now ;
Oh, raise the lowly soul to hope,
And make the lofty bow.
3. In countries far from home,
On earthly husks who feed,
Back to their Father's house, O Lord,
Their wandering footsteps guide.

4. Then at each soul's return,
The heavenly harp shall sound :
He that was dead now lives again ;
He that was lost is found !

CHRISTIAN ENJOYMENT.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a covering.
Showing that the Lord is near :
He who gives us daily manna,
He who listens when we cry,
Let him hear the loud hosanna
Rising to his throne on high.

SWEET HOME.

1. I have started for Canaan, must I leave you behind?
Will you not go up with me ? come, make up your
mind ;

The land lies before us, 'tis pleasant to view,
Its fruits are abundant, they're offered to you,
CHORUS—Come, come, friends, friends, come.

I've started for Canaan,
O, will you not come.

2. What can tempt you to linger, or turn from the way?
The fields are all blooming, as blooming as May ;
The music is charming, the harmony pure,
The joys there are lasting, they ever endure.

Come, Come, &c.

3. You have friends in that country most dear to your
heart,

Do you not wish to meet them where friends never part
Then start in a moment, no longer delay,
Don't stop to consider, the night ends the day
Come, come, &c.

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4. 'Tis the last call of mercy ; O turn, lest ye die ;
 Give your heart to the Saviour, to-day he is nigh ;
 While his arms are extended, while his children all
 pray.

Will you not join our number, come, join us to-day.
 Come, come, &c.

O, HOW HAPPY ARE THEY!

1. O how happy are they
 Who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above !
 Tongue can never express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

2. That sweet comfort was mine
 When the favor divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
 When my heart it believed,
 What a joy it received,
 What a heaven in Jesus' name.

3. 'Twas a Heaven below
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore.

4. Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song ;
 Oh ! that all his salvation might see ;
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died
 To redeem such a rebel as me.

5. Oh ! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight

Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possessed,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the goodness of God,

HAPPY.

Oh! who will come and go with me?
 Happy, happy;
 I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see,
 Happy in the Lord.
 I'll join with those who're gone before,
 Happy, happy;
 Where sin and sorrow are no more,
 Happy in the Lord.
 When we cross the River of Jordan,
 Happy in the Lord.

2. A few more rolling years, at most,
 Will land my soul on Canaan's coast;
 There on the mount of sweet repose,
 I'll bid adieu to all my woes.

3. O, may my soul march boldly on,
 And never end the blessed song;
 O may I always persevere,
 And never stop till I get there.

4. O, what a happy time 'twill be,
 When I my friends in heaven shall see,
 There we will tell our sufferings o'er,
 When we shall reach that happy shore,

5. O, what a happy company!
 May I be there that sight to see,
 And join in praise to Jesus name,
 All glorious in Jerusalem.

6. I'd little thought he'd been so nigh,
His speaking makes me laugh and cry;
He said, "I've come for thee, my love;
I have a place for thee above."
7. Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land.
My hand again I give to thee,
Hoping thy face in heaven to see.

PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
2. Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all the journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

I'M A TRAVELLER.

1. I'm a lonely traveller here,
Weary oppressed;
But my journey's end is near—
Soon I shall rest.

Dark and dreary is the way,
 Tossing I've come—
 Ask me not with you to stay—
 Yonder's my home.

2. I'm a weary traveller here,
 I must go on,
 For my journey's end is near—
 I must be gone.
 Brighter joys than earth can give
 Win me away;
 Pleasures that forever live—
 I can not stay.

3. I'm a traveller to a land
 Where all is fair;
 Where is seen no broken band—
 All, all are there.
 Where no tear shall ever fall,
 Nor heart be sad;
 Where the glory is for all,
 And all are glad.

4. I'm a traveller, and I go
 Where all is fair;
 Farewell all I've loved below—
 I must be there.
 Worldly honors, hopes and gain,
 All I resign:
 Welcome, sorrow, grief, and pain,
 If heaven I mine.

5. I'm a traveller—call me not—
 Upward's my way;
 Yonder is my rest and lot,
 I cannot stay.

Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
 Pilgrim I'll roam ;
 Hail me not—in vain you call—
 Yonder's my home.

BOYSTON.

1. O for the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord !
 O be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward.
- 2, Their bodies in the ground,
 In silent hope, may lie,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
 Shall call them to the sky.
3. Their ransomed spirits soar,
 On wings of faith and love,
 To meet the Saviour they adore,
 And reign with him above.
4. O for the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord !
 O be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward.

THE HAPPY LAND.

1. There is happy land,
 Far far away—
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day ;
 Oh, how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King ;
 Loud let his praises ring
 For evermore.

2. Come to this happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand?
 Why still delay?
 Oh, we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest evermore.

3. Bright in that happy land
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love can not die.
 Oh, then to glory run;
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright above the sun,
 Reign evermore.

THE PARTING HAND.

1. My dearest friends in bonds of love,
 Whose hearts the sweetest union prove,
 Your friendship's like the strongest band;
 Yet we must take the parting hand,
 And when I see that we must part,
 You draw like cords around my heart.
 Your company's sweet, your union dear,
 Your words delightful to mine ear.

2. How sweet the hours have passed away,
 Since we have met to sing and pray!
 How loth we are to leave the place,
 Where Jesus shows his smiling face!
 Oh, could I stay with friends so kind,
 How would it cheer my fainting mind!
 But duty makes me understand,
 That we must take the parting hand.

3. How oft I've seen your flowing tears,
 And heard you tell your hopes and fears;
 Your hearts with love have seemed to flame,
 Which makes me think we'll meet again.
 A few more days or years at most,
 And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast!
 When in that holy, happy land,
 We'll no more take the parting hand.
4. I hope you will remember me,
 If you no more my face shall see:
 An interest in your prayers I crave,
 That we may meet beyond the grave.
 O blessed day! O glorious hope!
 My soul leaps forward at the thought,
 When in that holy, happy land,
 We'll no more take the parting hand.

WARNING TO SINNERS.

1. When pity prompts me to look round,
 Upon my fellow clay,
 See men reject the gospel sound,
 O God! what shall I say!
2. My bowels yearn for dying men,
 Doomed to eternal woe;
 Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
 If God does not speak too.
3. O sinner, sinner, won't you hear,
 When in God's name I come?
 Upon your peril don't forbear,
 Lest hell should be your doom.
4. Now is the time, the accepted hour,
 O sinners, come away!
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise, without delay.

5. Let not these warnings be in vain,
 But lend a list'ning ear,
 Lest you should meet them all again,
 When wrapt in keen despair.

FIDELITY.

1. O brethren be faithful,
 O brethren be faithful,
 O brethren be faithful, faithful, faithful,
 Till we all arrive at home.
2. Oh, sisters, be faithful, &c.,
 Till we all arrive at home.
3. There shall we see Jesus, &c.,
 When we all arrive at home.
4. Then we will shout glory, &c.,
 When we all arrive at home.
5. There'll be no parting, &c.,
 When we all arrive at home.

THERE IS REST FOR THE WEARY.

In the Christians' home in glory,
 There remains a land of rest,
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfil my soul's request.

CHORUS.—There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you,—
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden.
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

2. He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed!
Hail with joy the rising morn!
5. Sing, ' O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

THE BETTER LAND.

1. I hear thee speak of a better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother, oh! where is that distant shore?
Shall we not seek it, sigh no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance in the myrtle boughs?
Not there, not there, my child;
Not there, not there, my child.
2. Is it far away in some region old,
Where rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
And the bright rays of the valley shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine;
And the pearl glows forth from the coral strand.
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there, not there, my child;
Not there, not there, my child.

3. Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time may not breathe on its faultless bloom ;
 Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb ;
 'Tis there, 'tis there, my child ;
 'Tis there, 'tis there, my child.

ROOM ENOUGH.

1. Come on my partners in distress,
 I have a home in glory ;
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 I have a home in glory ;
 O glory, O glory ;
 There's room enough in paradise,
 For all a home in glory.
2. Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 We have a home in glory ;
 Look forward to that heavenly place,
 We have a home in glory.
- Who suffer with our master here
 Shall have a home in glory ;
 And shall before his face appear,
 We have a home in glory.
4. Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 We have a home in glory ;
 And you and I ascend at last,
 We have a home in glory.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

1. To-day the Saviour calls ;
 Ye wanderers, come ;
 O ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam ?

2. To-day the Saviour calls !
 For refuge fly ;
 The storm of vengeance falls ;
 And death is nigh

3. To day the Saviour calls !
 Oh, hear him now :
 Within these sacred walls
 To Jesus bow.

4. The Spirit calls to-day ;
 Yield to his power ;
 Oh, grieve him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour.

NEARNESS TO GOD.

1. When God is near,
 To quell the soul's commotion,
 And shed the sweet serene of true devotion ;
 Then clouds of grief will disappear
 When God is near.

2. When God is near—
 The heart, with sorrow swelling,
 Pours out its grief—its tale of anguish telling ;
 And mercy wipes each trickling tear,
 When God is near.

ARIEL.

1. Oh glorious hope of perfect love !
 It lifts me up to things above ;
 It bears on eagle's wings ;
 It gives my ravished soul a taste,
 And makes me for some moments feast
 With Jesus' priests and kings.

2. Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain-top
 See all the land below :

Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3. A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blessed :
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4. Oh that I might at once go up ;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess ;
This moment end my legal years ;
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness.

PORT OF GLORY.

1. Lo, the Gospel ship is sailing,
Bound for Canaan's happy shore,
All who wish to sail for glory,
Come and welcome, rich and poor.
Chorus.—Glory, glory ! Hallelujah !
All the sailors loudly cry.
See the blissful ports of Glory,
Opening to each blissful eye.

Thousands she has safely landed
Far beyond this mortal shore,
Thousands yet are sailing in her,
Yet there's room for thousands more.
Glory, &c.

3. Richly laden with provision,
Want her sailors never know ;
Gospel grace and every blessing
From her noble Pilot flow.
Glory, &c.

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4. Sails well filled with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly waft the ship along,
All her company rejoicing—
Glory! bursts from every tongue,
Glory, &c.

5. Do not fear the ship will founder,
Though the foaming billows roar,
Jesus Christ will safely guide her
To her destined, happy shore.
Glory, &c.

6. Come, poor sinners, get converted,
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea,
And with us you will be happy,
Happy in eternity.
Glory, &c.

STAR IN THE EAST.

1. Hail, the blest morn! see the great Mediator
Down from the regions of glory descend!
Shepherds, go worship the Babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the blessed angels attend.
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
Brightest and best of sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!

2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall!
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and offerings divine?
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each costly oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

DICKSON.

Come and let us sweetly sing,
 Come and let us sweetly sing,
 Come and let us sweetly sing,
 Praises to God,
 Oh! hallelujah!
 Glory, hallelujah!
 Praise ye the Lord.

2. We are on our journey home,
 To yon bright world. Oh, &c.
3. In mansions bright we soon shall dwell,
 In, &c.
4. Crowns of glory we shall wear,
 In, &c.
5. Palms of vict'ry we shall bear,
 In, &c.
6. Happy, happy we shall be,
 In, &c.

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

1. Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
 You need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
 The invitation is for all :
 Come all the world, come, sinner, thou !
 All things in Christ are ready now.
3. Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
 Ye restless wanderers after rest ;
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4. My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live,
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain,

5. This is the time
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Thy name shall be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

4. When on Zion we

Having reached the shore,
With



